THE CRISIS.

NUMBER XXV. To be continued Weekly.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1775. {Price Two-pence Half-penny.

Vis, Conſili expers, mole ruit ſua.
Hor.

Be wiſe, ye Kings, nor to *mere Power* truſt,
Without *ſound Counſels*, Pow'rs *Tyrannic Luſt*,
And brings it's *haughty Maſter* to the Duſt.

WE have lately heard much, and too much, of the Wiſdom of Parliament, the great Council of the Nation; that is to ſay, the corrupt Majority of that great Council, where the moſt Votes enforce the vileſt Meaſures. We know what this great Council once was, and what it ought to be. Let us reflect upon what it now is. It is (alas!) no more at preſent than a Majority of Ay's and No's—Contents and not Contents. And what is this Majority? the Miniſter's—What is this Miniſter? the King's!—What is the King? my Lord Bute's—What is Lord Bute? an Enemy to this Nation.—I had like to have ſaid what I think, a Traytor; but I hope this will be ſaid with more Weight in a future Impeachment, unleſs popular Revenge ſhould juſtly make a leſs ſolemn, but

but a more dreadful Example of this public Peſt. Through theſe Channels of Wiſdom flow all the Grievances, Oppreſſions, and Calamities, which are now ſo ſeverely felt in England and America. The Subjects of theſe Nations feel all the Power of this great and wiſe Council, without a ſingle ray of its Benignity. It ſhines upon it's Idols, but lowers upon the Subject. Power, and deſpotic Power, is the great end in view, and the Growth of it is cultivated with the greateſt Boldneſs and Aſſiduity. We now ſee the three great Eſtates of this Kingdom, which were, in their Origin, wiſely deſigned as ſalutary Checks upon each other, to preſerve the Conſtitution, in an amicable Confederacy to deſtroy it. As to the Peers, they are created by the Crown, not for Meritorious, but political Reaſons. Wealth, and a pliant Diſpoſition, are eſſential Requiſites. Some Minion of the Crown becomes bound for their good Behaviour, and then the Great Seal ſtamps them for the Tools of an audacious and corrupt Miniſter. But your Apoſtate *Chathams*, *Camdens*, *Richmonds*, *Buckinghams*, *Temples*, *Shelburnes*, &c. are repudiated. The virtuous Minority is too thin to ſave their Country. They are out-clamoured, and out-voted. I have heard Lord Chatham's manly Eloquence rudely drowned by a combined Roar of the Miniſter's Majority in the Houſe of Lords. I have heard that great Orator anſwered by miniſterial Mouths without Argument, without Senſe, without Grammar, and without Engliſh.

Their Lordſhips may well clear their Houſe, and be as much aſhamed of their Speeches, as they ought to be of their Principles. As to the Houſe of Commons, it is filled, and fed, three Parts out of four, by the Miniſter.

Let me not forget, however, to congratulate them on a new Privilege, which they acquired and eſtabliſhed in *Wilkes's* Caſe, the rational and modeſt Privilege of electing themſelves. This Acquiſition is a great one. It is plain that honourable Houſe eſteems it ſo, becauſe they have lately moſt iniquitiouſly refuſed to eraſe thoſe baſe and daring Innovations upon the Rights of the People from their Journals. Thus they have induſtriouſly preſerved the Infamy of the laſt deteſted Parliament to poſterity. But they have likewiſe (which was the real Deſign) treaſured up a vile Precedent to be produced in future Times of need, againſt the Liberties of their Maſters, the People of this Kingdom.

There

There was a Time when this Houſe of Commons was not too Modeſt to oppoſe the arbitary Wills of Princes. There was a Time when they had the Honeſty to refuſe Supplies, when the Former had been ill-applied, and as ill-accounted for; when the old had been laviſhed in profuſion and donceurs to Favourites, and new were demanded for the like Purpoſes, or worſe, the inſidious Purpoſes of Corruption. There was a Time too, when the Head of that Houſe (the Speaker) had Integrity, though ſome Parts of that Body were Corrupt.

Whoever remembers Onſlow, muſt reſpect his Memory; whoever knew him muſt revere it. He reſpected his Sovereign, but he loved the People. He preſerved the Dignity and Integrity of his Station. He diſtinguiſhed nobly and juſtly between a Poſt of Honour and a Poſt of Profit. He was neither Penſioner, Placeman, nor Privy Councellor. He knew that it was impoſſible to ſerve two Maſters. He rejoiced to be at the Head of a Free People. He had a thorough knowledge of their Rights, and was zealous in defending them. He knew that it was impoſſible for a Speaker of the Houſe of Commons to be, with the leaſt Conſiſtency, a Courtier and a Demagogue at the ſame Time. He knew that if he held a lucrative Place, he could not hold his Integrity. He preferred his Duty to Traſh. He preferred virtuous Liberty to miniſterial Influence and Controul. He preferred Honour to Infamy, Sincerity to Duplicity, and Propriety to Abſurdity. For what can be more abſurd than a ductile Speaker, who is at the Head of the Commons in the Morning, and at the Ear of the Sovereign in the Evening? At one Hour in Character of a Speaker, at another in the Function of a Privy Counſellor. Now in the Peoples Chair, and now at a Miniſterial Board. To Day collecting the Senſe of the People, and to Morrow promoting the Intrigues of a Court. Cooperating with the People at one Inſtant, and forming Schemes againſt their Liberties at another. To crown all, let us ſuppoſe this Speaker an eſtabliſhed Placeman for Life; to which Place an annual Income is appendant of 4000l. per Annum, and eventually twice that Sum, or more, in a Place which no Subject had enjoyed for Years, till the preſent Speaker *(Norton)* broke the Ground anew. Why had it not been enjoyed for many Years before? Becauſe it was for Life, and the Miniſter had not ſufficient Confidence in the ſteady Perfidy, and ſuperior Demerits of any one Hireling, to beſtow it, till they were conſcious that *Norton* deſerved that, and more. Let us view this malleable Speaker, and patriotic Stateſman, this political Proteus,

this

this double-fronted Janus, in another Light, which will fully ſhow the Compatibility of the two different Functions.

Suppoſe a *Bute* or a *Mansfield* were to be impeached, as they well deſerve, by the Commons of England ('tis but a Suppoſition, for Corruption at preſent makes it impracticable) ſuppoſe it only: Whoſe Duty would it be to carry up theſe Bills of Impeachment to the Bar of the Houſe of Lords? Sir *Fletcher Norton's*. Sir *Fletcher?* What? a Placeman, a Penſioner, a Privy Counſellor? A Bird of the ſame Feather? Can *Jemmy Twitcher* 'peach? I have ſaid enough to be ſufficiently underſtood, and to ſhow how inconſiſtent and abſurd it is for a Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, to be amphibiouſly inclined.

Let us now return to the noble Lords—We ſee among them another Majority, not indeed with *Lord Bute* (for he abſconds) but with his Deputy, *Mansfield*, at their Head.—No; 'tis *Lord Apſley*; thoſe inſignia upon the Table are his, true, the Inſignia, (the baubles, the Purſe and Mace) are *Apſley's*; but *Apſley* himſelf is *Mansfield's*, as *Mansfield* himſelf is *Bute's*, Theſe three dance the Hay, like the Sun, Moon, and Earth, in the Rehearſal; though indeed it is *Lord Bute's* intereſt, at preſent to continue in Eclipſe. At preſent that Thane is to all intents and purpoſes, by his two Proxies *Mansfield* and *Apſley*, at the Head of the Houſe of Lords. He has his Majority of Myrmidons there, as well as among the Commons, where he is repreſented by *Lord North*. Where then ſhall we find a Patriot? in the Throne. This (alas!) would be a bleſſing "devoutly to be wiſhed".

But the three great Eſtates of this Kingdom, are now not in a wholeſome, but a dangerous Coalition; not in Harmony, but in Combination; not in Friendſhip, but in Confederacy. The Houſe of Commons now ſhut the Doors againſt their Conſtituents, the Lords debate in private, they are aſhamed, (as they well may) of their Harrangues, Theſe Houſes are now, in truth, a Divan, a Conclave, a Junto, a Cabal, a Gang; but thy are no longer what they where, or what they ought to be; they will ſhortly feel the Conſequences, of ſuch an unnatural Coalition. The Body Politic can never be healty, whilſt it Functions are ill-performed; yet this is the great and wiſe Council of the Nation, in which Soverigns will confide.

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know that a Majority of Votes can ſave Minions and Favourites from the SCAFFOLD; but they cannot ſave them from PUBLIC VENGEANCE, nor can they ſecure the Sovereigns Peace, Affection, and Eſteem, they can augment the Civil Liſt, from near a Million a Year to any Sum that royal profuſion may demand; they can allow without entering into priciſe Accounts) what a King may expend for Public Uſes, a Term of the largeſt the moſt vague and moſt indefinite meaning, including every Species of regal, domeſtic, political, and unjuſt Profuſion; they can lay ſtill heaver Taxes for this purpoſe, as well as for the carrying on the further ASSASSINATION of *America*; but they can neither force the united Subjects of this Kingdom to pay thoſe unreaſonable Taxes, nor heal the Wounds of a Civil War if they refuſe. How will our common Enemies France and Spain, embroil the Scene? at ſuch a Criſis will an importation of Hanoverians; Hiſſians, and mercinary Troops from the little States of Germany avail? From Hannoverians no Aſſiſtance can be expected; they will not be able to defend their own State againſt the deſigning and ambitious King of Pruſſia. That great Monarch will not forget the ill Treatment he has received from England; Civil War here will afford him the long wiſhed-for Opportunity.

Our Standing Army (if any Part ſhould be baſe enough, to Fight for Tyrants, and the Benefit of being Slaves,) will be fully employed; Such Part of it as is truly Engliſh, will join their Countrymen, and put a final Period to Deſpotiſm and Corruption.

The conſtitutional, and the only conſtitutional Force of this Kingdom, the Militia, will not fail to ſignalize themſelves in defence of LIBERTY, in this unhappy Period will the patriotic Spirit of Ireland be ſtill? by what foreign Power, amidſt this confuſion at home, is *America*, at laſt, to be protected, or enſlaved? By which of her Friends the French or Spaniards? Our ſtanding Army will be too much wanted here to afford freſh Succour to *Burgoyne*.

Does that idle Notion prevail, any longer in this Century, which ſupplied King Charles the Firſt with Forces and Recruits, in the laſt; when that *bleſſed Martyr*, endeavoured to ſubdue this Country to his Deſpotic Will by force of Arms? Is paſſive Obedience non Reſiſtance, and the Divine Right of Tyrants, of any

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any weight even with the lowest of the People? Is not the Idea and Spirit of LIBERTY universal still? Is the Invasion of its Rights a Secret? It is true that we have long lived in an Age of Venality and Corruption, but we also live in an Age of Reason and Discernment. The meanest Individual among us knows that he has a Right to call his Life, Liberty and Property his own, and will die in their Defence.

A foolish and wicked King like the present effects, the Power of a Despot; a Patriot King uses the Authority of a Parent. A Sacrifice to Public Liberty could not be grateful to a Patriot King, it would sully his Glory, and disappoint his Views. To a weak or a designing Prince Liberty is odious, it is an Object of perpetual Terror and Alarm. Under the Reign of one, the Lives and Properties of the Subject are no longer valuable, then whilst they are employed to promote the wise Ends of paternal Government, Common Good; under the other, they are useless, unless they are exerted for the Public Safety. The People live in allegiance to the one, and in league against the other; the one reaps all the Fruits of National Confidence and Affection, the other feels all the Weight of general Distrust, and all the ignominy of invidual Destruction, the one has no Favourites, and the other has no Enemies. The readiest Obedience waits upon the Father, and the bitterest Execrations pursue the Despot of a Country.

CASCA.

Printed and published for the Authors, by T. W. *Shaw*, in Fleet-Street, opposite Anderton's Coffee House, where Letters to the Publisher, will be thankfully received.